The second volume of Prof. Cooper' authorized translation from the German of The Life of Goethe, by ALBERT BIELschowsky, is now published by the Putnams and carries us from 1788 to 1815, or in other words from the poet's Italian journeys to the wars of liberation. Of the fourteen chapters comprised in the present volume two are devoted to analysis and criticism of the dramas "Iphigenie" and "Tasso," another to Goethe's separation from Frau von Stein and his marriage with Christiane Vulpius, events which were contemporaneous with the publication of his scientific treatise on the "Metamorphosis of Plants" and with the promulgation of his theory of the vertebral structure of the animal skull. To the same period belong this observations on the Venetian school of painting. The fourth and fifth chapters depict Goethe's attitude toward the French Revolution and toward the resultant embroilment of Germany in war with the French Republic. In the sixth chapter Goethe's position with reference to philosophy is defined. He is pronounced a Spinozist, though he supplemented Spinoza by Leibnitz and made a careful study of Kant, in spite of whom, however, he remained a follower of Spinoza. Another chapter has for its subject the friendship between Schiller and Goethe, and another recounts the inception of "Wilhelm Meister." Elsewhere the origin of "Hermann und Dorothea" is explained. Goethe's interview with Napoleon forms the theme of still enother chapter. In the twelfth chapter the scientific groundwork and the ethics of "Elective Affinities" are discussed. The present volume concludes with an examina-

In the pages allotted to "Iphigenie" we ere reminded that Goethe drew the material for his play from Euripides's drama of the same name. What has Goethe made of this material? The biographer an-"When we hold up his drama begwers: de that of the Greek author it seems as if the result of two thousand years of moral and artistic revolution stood before us in a symbol." The words "moral and artistic" are purposely used, because the artisde superiority of Goethe's "Iphigenie" has, it is well known, been called in question. The objection has been raised that compared with Euripides's play it has too little plot and arouses too little dramatic interest. The author of this biography concedes that the first objection would be well taken if one were obliged to limit the meaning of "plot" to tangible, visible action. This, he thinks, however, would be a crude and superficial definition of the word. He insists that whether or not that which springs from the souls of the characters is expressed in deeds is a matter of little consequence in dramatic composition. the essential requirement being that soul should influence soul and that out of such influence and counter influence there should be evolved a series of changes of situation and interest. "Indeed, it must be said that that is a higher form, or rather the highest form, of dramatic poetry in which souls influence each other immediately and not through the medium of deeds. Aphigenie' belongs to this highest form. and Schiller was justified in using the word 'soul' to designate the drama's peculiar

tion of "Pandora" and with the impressions

of Napoleon formed by Goethe during his

attendance at the Congress of Erfurt.

From this point of view the biographer finds in "Iphigenie" a constantly progressing; very stirring and complicated plot, which holds uninterruptedly the spectator's or reader's interest, provided only he brings to it a receptive spirit and not a mind presed with superficial foreign standards. With all the depth of the impresinward greatness of the piece as a work of art escapes most people. For here, as we shall see in "Tasso" also, Goethe has painted with such a subtle brush that nothing short of prolonged, profound study can everywhere discover and duly appreciate the purposes of the artist. We pass over the minute analysis of the play by means of which the biographer endeavors to get at and bring out these purposes.

It is an interesting and suggestive fact that during the same month in which Goethe was writing his "Iphigenie" Lessing was at work on his "Nathan der Weise, and the two works seem to have been completed only a few days apart. There is no doubt that "Iphigenie" and "Nathan" are preeminently the German poems which depict ideal humanity. The contemporary conception of humanity which valued a man independently of his religion, ancestry or nationality and only according to his intrinsic worth found its classical expression in "Nathan." This conception was for Goethe, also, the very breath of life. Both Goethe in "Iphigenie" and Lessing in "Nathan" definitely adopted the iambic pentameter which the English poets had shown to be congenial to the Germanic drama, and which at the same time had the further recommendation of being the nearest approach to the majestic trimeter of the Greeks. "Iphigenie" was published in 1787, a year before the older version of "Egmont." It seems that the applause which it received was limited to small circles. The great majority of the German people had expected from Goethe something in the style of the romantic play "Götz von Berlichingen," and was somewhat taken aback to find the sometime revolutionist pursuing such a gentle and orderly course. Furthermore, "The Robbers," together with Schiller's other earlier works, had added new fuel to the flame kindled by "Götz," so that "Iphigenie" found the general public unsympathetic. The play was also slow in gaining recognition on the stage. Even in Weimar, where the performances of the earlier prose version in the Amateur Theatre had been well received, it was not produced in the new verse form till 1802.

In the chapter on "Tasso" the fact is recalled that Goethe as a boy had read "Jerusalem Delivered," first in Kopp's translation and later in the original. Certain parts of the poem appealed so vividly to his fancy and emotions that as a lad he dramatized them and performed them on his puppet stage with juvenile enthusiasm and awkwardness. The biographer suggests that the incidents in the life of the Italian poet must have possessed for Goethe no less powerful a charm than that with which the poem was invested. It was the will of Tasso's father that he should study jurisprudence, whereas the boy's own heart ourned with the desire to become a poet. At the university he made up his mind to satisfy his own ambition, and this step opened up to him the way to immortality. In the frontispiece to Kopp's translation young Goethe could see Apollo placing the wreath of laurel upon the head of Tasso,

who is kneeling at his feet, while Homer and Virgil attentively witness the coronation. What echoes this story and this picture must have awakened in the breast of the German adolescent who was destined to be a jurist, but saw his greatest source of appiness in life in the laurel wreath woven

to decorate the poet! Nor is this the only point of likeness between the lives of the two writers. Manso's biography of the Italian poet, published in 1774, had portrayed in rich and warm colors l'asso's life at the court of Ferrara, his hopeless lave of Princess Leonora of Este and his struggle against enemies, secre and open. Little more than a year thereafter Goethe found himself in an astonish ingly similar situation. He too had come to a court, had become involved in an aim less love for a noblewoman of the court circle, and had to contend with many stubborn enemy. So it came to pass that in the German poet's drama Ferrara is Weimar: Tasso is Goethe, and the Princes Leonora is Frau von Stein. We are told that any one who is familiar with the history of Weimar during the decade from 1776 to 1786 must feel, in reading Goethe's play as though he were listening to real conversations of that period. According to his present biographer, Goethe's entourage knew perfectly well the facts upon which the play was based and that the prototypes of the characters were members of the court circle. Nobody, for example, could mistake his portrait of Frau von Stein. In later years, when interpretations were no longer dangerous. Goethe made no secret of how much personal and local color there was in the poem, so that he felt justified in saying of it, "It is bone of my bone and fiesh of my flesh." In the earlier stages of the composition, indeed, Goethe had reported to Mme. von Stein, step by step, how he was revealing his love for her under the veil of poetry. This circumstance was the real source of his happiness, and kept alive within him the fire in which he forged the drama. The fundamental motive of Goethe's

drama seems to be the disproportion be tween Tasso's poetic genius and real experience. During the author's life the play was often performed, but it is now rarely seen upon the stage and evidently is better adapted to be read than to be acted. The action often moves forward very haltingly and the scenes that have the least action are spun out to the greates length. Touching this point the biographer observes: "The extraordinarily tender beauties with which the play is resplendent the Raphaelesque soul painting, now faintly suggestive, now glowing with saturat color, the subtle purposes of the composi tion, the thoughtful discussion of the enticing problems of life and history, the delicate elegiac tinge which marks the emotions, the noble gracefulness of the dialogue, the lofty human sentiments. the atmosphere of the time and place and the wonderfully flexible verse which readily accommodates itself to every character and every situation-can but be weakened by staging, or if fully preserved must become a hindrance." But while for the rea sons stated the play is pronounced unsuited for the theatre, our author expresses the conviction that "we may examine all the dramas in the literature of the world and none of them will be found equal to "Tasso" in specifically poetical qualities. It has predominantly the feeling and the coloring of a lyric poem. This may be its weakness, but it is also its incalculable greatness.

III.

From the point of view of Goethe's private life the third chapter of this volume is particularly interesting, because it tells of the change in his relations with Mme, von Stein and of his marriage with Christiane Vulpius. The biographer tells us that in a letter of August 21, 1788, in answer to her invitation to visit her in Kochburg, Goethe wrote, as though it were a question of crossing the Alps: "I am so much afraid of heaven and earth that I can hardly come to you. The weather makes me altogether unhappy, and I feel comfortable nowhere at in my little room; there I have a fir made in my open fireplace, and outside it may rain as much as it will." What was a loving woman to think of this? What was she to think, either, of his deciding to come several days later and of his bring ing several people with him? How was she to interpret his enigmatical words in another letter, which it seems was addressed to her at Kochburg: "Enjoy thy solitude. God willing, it will not be long till I, too, have regained my solitude, to forsake it no more." What could this mean except that Goethe intended to fiee to Italy again, never to return? No wonder that, six weeks after Goethe's return from his sojourn in Italy, Mme, von Stein, when she left Weimar to go to her estate, should have complained: "Goethe parted fron me as from a perfect stranger."

Evidently the rupture was bound to come. and it is probable that the discovery of Goethe's irregular union with Christians Vulpius, which apparently Frau von Stein first made at the beginning of 1789, only hastened it. When on May 4 of that year she started for Ems to take the baths she left behind for Goethe a letter, in which she gave him the chance of renouncing either her or Christiane. In two responsive letters containing all sorts of counter complaints Goethe explained to her his point of view, emphasized how much he would value a continuation of her friendship, but refused to comply with her chief request, denying that his relations to Christiane were of a serious character. He seems to have believed that his explanations, which had a ring of genuine feeling, would have the desired effect. He deceived himself. Mme. yon Stein sundered entirely the bond which already had been weakened. According to he author of this biography, there were who had any conception of what intense pain this caused her. "To me he is now like a beautiful star that has fallen from my sky." These words, which she wrote at the end of March, 1789, to Lotte von Lengefeld, in anticipation of the inevitable, remained true throughout the rest of her life. Her sorrow over the happiness of which she had been robbed was all the more intense because, in spite of his "faithlessness." she could not cease loving him with all her soul. Nor did it afford her any consolation to say to herself, as she occasionally did, that Goethe had completely degenerated. This did not decrease her love; it only enhanced her sorrow over his fall from the ideal height upon which her esteem had once placed him and over his spiritual solitariness by the side of Christiane. "I am often so overcome with sorrow for him," she wrote in May, 1791, "that I could weep."

Goethe, for his part, bore the loss more easily, because for him the burden was made lighter by his manifold studies, extending over a wide range of subjects, by his ceaseless intellectual activities, by his passionate devotion to poetry, by his eventful life and by the pretty maid of the common people whom he had taken to himself. Still he did not pass through the experience without his share of painful wounds. Even though these may have healed quickly there came moments when the scars burned. In one such moment, a year after the separation, he wrote the verses which the translater of this biography has thus Englished: One beloved had I whom more than all others cherished. Now I have her no more. Stlence! Endure thou

It is evident that in later years he suffered from the recurrent fever of his wounds for even in the mirror of his poetry he avoids the remembrance of the palmy days of his love for Mme. von Stein. This in spite of the fact that a superficial reconciliation had long since been effected between them. His biographer thinks that in the nature of the case it was impossible two such su perior and, with all their human weaknesse such noble personalities, who knew so thoroughly each other's worth, should have continued to live near each other in hos-tility. The fact is recalled that after the lapse of years the peace making influence of the Schillers succeeded in bringing about a reconciliation, which gradually developed into a more or less cordial friendship. Ultimately there came times when Goethe called to see her every morning, when she visited him almost every week, and they exchanged many other little civilities. As Frau von Stein, in spite of all her bodily infirmities, lived to a great age, a long and pleasant evening of life shed its mild light upon them both.

IV. How did Goethe's relations to Christiane Vulpius begin? At first the poet looked on the relation as purely artistic, Roman, antique. It afforded him a charming pastime involving no serious intellectual effort, a making love to a great lady does, after the burdens and cares of the day. Even after a year had passed he wished, as may be learned from a letter to Frau von Stein, that his relation to the young girl might "remain on this basis and not degenerate." He begged Mme, von Stein to help him with her love to keep it so. As she naturally was unable to comply with such a request, Goethe entered nto a "conscience" marriage with Christiane. looking upon the relation and speaking of it as a true marriage. In the course of time his pleasure in her pretty form and eatures and in her unaffected, cheerful robust nature, and above all else the birth of his son, August (December, 1789), created n him a tender affection which he at times mistook for love, though in the case of this laughter of the people a real love passion dominating his whole life, such as he had felt for Mme. von Stein, was utterly out of the question. The biographer says that in order to be convinced of this one need only compare the letters and poems addressed to Christiane with the earlier or later documents bearing on Goethe's real love affairs.

It is indeed impossible to read the corre spondence between Goethe and Christiane without a feeling of sorrow and sympathy for the great man. There is no free outpouring of the thousandfold thoughts and feelings which occupied him as a poet, investigator and statesman; not a word about his reading; no explanations of the eal value of his important personal associations; no exalted reports of his happy poetic inventions. On the contrary, his letters to her are filled with nothing but the common earthly things of everyday life. For Instance, he writes in March, 1797: "As soon as the poem I'Hermann und Dorothea' is finished, thou shalt have the soap, and something else besides, so that thou may'st rejoice with me in thine own way." About all things higher than soap Goethe was silent to Christiane, because he knew that the finer emotions of his spirit would call forth no response. Frequently Christiane's lack of appreciation for and of responsiveness to the best things that filled his breast would entirely destroy his mood for work in her immediate presence. Then he would flee for weeks and months to Jena or some other congenial place. It might have been supposed that association with Goethe would have exercised on the young woman an elevating influence, but she seems never to have risen very far above her original level. One can understand, therefore, how heavily the relation must at times have weighed upon Goethe, and why he should have waited seventeen years before legitimizing his marriage, doing it even then only because of the pressure of extraordinary ents, whereas the conscious son August was growing up into young manhood should have been enough of itself

to cause him to take this step. In January, 1790, when Goethe had finished the scientific task to which he attached much importance, the presentation of his theory of plant metamorphosis, there woke in him an irresistible longing to get away for a time from the atmosphere of Weimar, and once more he spent three months in northern Italy. He tried to persuade himself that his heart would not permit him long to be absent from Christiane. He declared that "a magnet, greater in force than my will, draweth me back to the North," and again:

Wide and fair is the world, but, oh, how grateful I for the garden I own, little, yet charming and neat! Carry me back to my home. What need hath a

gardener to wander? Honored and happy he'll be if to the garden he

looks. As a matter of fact the magnet was hardly able to hold him five weeks, so eager was he again to desert his little garden and go out into the beautiful wide world. At the invitation of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar he accompanied that sovereign in a journey through Silesia, and at Breslau made the acquaintance of Von Schuckmann, later Prussian Minister of the Interior. The biographer quotes Von Schuckmann's discriminating account of the impression which he received of the poet. "I have become." he writes, "very closely and intimately acquainted with M. de Goethe, and have found him to be a superior man. His difficulty in expressing himself, of which I wrote you, was entirely gone the moment he became cordial and cast aside conventionalities in his intercourse with me. When he feels indifferent he really cannot speak, and yet with strangers he seeks to force himself to, and that doubtless for good reasons. In a congenial mood he follows his natural bent, and from his rich treasure throws out whole masses of ideas. I might say that he speaks, as the algebraists calculate, not with numbers, but with quantities, and his vivid presentation is never the jugglery of fancy. His pictures are always the true companion pieces that nature has given to real entities, to which -not away from them-they lead the hearer." In this characterization by a contemporary the author of this book finds a valuable proof of how much Goethe's spirits had been broadened in Italy, how greatly the difficulty had increased of introducing another into his intellectual world and how, on short acquaintance or when he was approached with too small a measure of understanding or of devoted attention, he preferred to confine his conversation to conventionalities or to short, half obscure suggestions, and how in this way he gave the impression of being cold, vain and

Goethe, of course, has often been accused of being so truly cosmopolitan that even in a national crisis he could not show himself a patriot. What was precisely his attitude toward the French Revolution and the subsequent incorporation of a large part of Germany, either within the French boundary or within the French sphere of influence? In the present biography, as we a real, living foundation, and not upon one have said, several chapters are devoted to this subject. There is no doubt that at he welcomed with enthusiasm the first overthrow of the absolutist régime in France. Throughout Europe, indeed, a thrill of inspiration electrified all men who led the higher intellectual life when King Louis XVI., in the midst of a magnificent festal gathering on the Champs de Mars, swore allegiance to the principles of the new Constitution. A new era of reconcilia tion, harmony, fraternity, liberty and manly dignity seemed to have dawned not only for France but for the whole world. It was in the following words, as Englished by the translator of this biography, that Goethe a few years later recalled those memorable

Did not the nations all, in those days of anxiou Look toward the city which long the world its cap-And which now more than ever deserved the glori ous title?

days:

Felt not every man new courage, new spirit, new language? would deny that his heart had been greatly uplifted And that his free breathing bosom had throbbed

with clearer pulsations When o'er the world first arose the newborn su in its splendor?

From the first, however, Goethe'e enthusi asm was qualified. He recognized in the whole political and social transformation o France, which he had early foreseen, a just punishment for the sins of royalty and of the privileged estates, but he did not see how out of the revolutionary acts anything good or salutary could come. All the fine articles of the French Constitution and the celebrations of harmony were as nothing when it came to quieting his fears and consoling him. He knew human nature and how hard it is for a man to discipline himself. He also knew that human nature does not change in a night. Events soon justified his misgivings. Even when, however, the revolution reached the stage of greatest terror Goethe felt constrained to look upor it not so much as an obnoxious spectacle as a decree of fate which frightened him out of the peaceful realm of poetry and science and drove him forth into the restless world. He took part in the invasion of French soil by the army under the Duke of Brunswick, which was repulsed by Valmy and when, a few months afterward, came the news of the execution of Louis XVI. he may well have been discouraged to think how easily the costly campaign in which he had participated might have rescued the King if the leadership had been more skilful and more resolute. In order to draw his mind away from the horrors of the revolution he plunged into a prosecution of his studies in optics and into the composition of the humorous satirical poem "Reineke Fuchs.

The year 1794 brought new French victo ries, so that as far down as Cologne the Allied Armies were driven almost entirely from the left bank of the Rhine. While thus from a political point of view the revolution kept the poet in a state of turmoil it affected him disagreeably from another side Its successes in war made stronger the propaganda of its ideas; less now, however, among the educated and well to do, whose ardor had been cooled by the deeds of horror in Paris and by their own danger, than among the lower classes, who still had the support of a considerable number of men intellectually more prominent. Goethe was guite out of patience with the latter element. which was to be found even in his immediate environment. "Some of my friends are be having in a fashion that borders closely on insanity," he wrote to Heinrich Meyer, congratulating him on not being haunted by the nasty ghost that goes by the name of spirit of the times." About the same date (1794) Baron von Gagern called upon the leading minds of Germany, first of all Goethe, to devote their pens to the good sause of silencing the miserable band of agitators. Let us see what Goethe did as an author to stem the tide of the general uprising.

VI. Premising that even the most fertile

mind experiences years of drought, the

lographer concedes that the writings in which Goethe deals with the French Revolution are for the 'most part the product of such a relatively barren season. For the most part he merely followed the events of the time with admonitions to the German nation, expressed now in plain, outspoken language, now in symbols. Even in the play entitled "The Natural Daughter" he failed to embody the true spirit of the times Where in that drama, asks the biographer do we find any evidences of the far reaching violent conflict which overthrew the old régime? Where do we hear anything of the awful, deep seated diseases from which the French body politic had long suffered? What is there in the play to recall the antagonism between king and people, between the privileged and the oppressed classes between wealth and poverty, between stupid ecclesiasticism and atheistic materialism, between the overeducation of the few and the stolid ignorance of the many Where in "The Natural Daughter" do we see the frivolity and the prodigality of the Court of Versailles, the venality of officials, the financial distress of the State, the system of extortionate taxation, the disregard of the Constitution, the burdens of tithe and soccage, the ruinous mortmain, the severity of serfdom, the devastations committed by aristocratic lovers of the chase and hundreds of other Heaven crying grievances which caused the Revolution to reak out as a natural inevitable reaction Where in Goethe's drama are any traces of the fermentation which was soon to result in violence? Where are the agitators of the type of Mirabeau and Sieyès? the clever salons in which the radical and nihilistic slogans were invented? In short where is there even a gleam of the mighty intellectual upheaval which France experienced before the Revolution? To be sure, some dramatis persona talks now and then about a "violent fermentation," but we see nothing of it. We see rather the opposite. How a revolution can come out of such a milieu as Goethe exhibits in this play is an enigma. "The Natural Daughter" is, in a word, a failure, if considered as the introduction to a great poen mirroring the Revolution.

Goethe's admirers must indeed face the truth that every attempt which he made to embody in artistic form the most important historical event of his lifetime, and indeed of modern times, miscarried. gave expression to his own conviction of the ruthfulness of this statement in 1822: "When I look back over the many years I see clearly how my attraction to this incomprehensible subject consumed my poetic power for so long a time and almost to no purpose." He never did arrive at a clear understanding of the causes of his failure. He ascribed it now to this, now to that accidental circumstance. The chief cause really lay in the fact that he was antagonistic toward the Revolution. An attempt has been made to explain this antagonism as a result of his conservative aristocratism This, however, the biographer pronounces a superficial and one sided interpretation the doctrines embodied in the French Revolution he was opposed by conviction. As a practical statesman he had learned to recognize that political structures capable

of enduring flourish and develop only upon

of ideas. From the same point of view ne had arrived at the belief that it was wholly contrary to nature to wish to force the whole human race to be of one mind concerning the choice of the ways and means o obtain civic happiness

If, moreover, political reforms in accordance with general doctrines were in themselves dubious, indeed dangerous, how much more so must they have seemed to the clear vision of Goethe when the execution of them was intrusted to inexperienced and, still worse, unclean hands. What he had often observed in history in connection with popular upheavals he beheld in France during the closing decade of the eighteenth century. Who were the leaders of the French Revolution? At first bombastic theorizers, then egoists with well defined aims, or a combination of both, and in the end nothing but unscrupulous, glory seeking and power seeking demagogues. In the fight for liberty, equality and fraternity "the crowd became the tyrant of the crowd." In the place of "reasonable" law brutal violence reigned. "They have robbed and destroyed: that is the spirit of the times." Again: "Liberty and equality can be enjoyed only in the intoxication of The movement had begun with a fight against the unjust. It ended in a fight against the just. "The Jacobins, thirst for the blood of every righteous man." What Goethe would have done with the Jacobins is described in these lines: Crucify ev'ry fanatic ere yet his years become

Once they the world understand, dupes are transformed into rogues. reedom's apostles to me were ever source of

vexation; Each in the end but desires license to do what he will What embittered the poet still more against the French Revolution and in fact hardened his heart completely against it was the reflex influence which it exercised on Germany. In the States composing the German Empire there had grown up in political as well as religious matters a certain freedom of thought and action of the press and of speech. In many of the kingdoms and principalities practical efforts had been made to remove a number of grievances that had come down from the feudal system. In Weimar, for instance, Goethe himself had labored manfully to that end, and the Duke and his councillors were carrying on the work. Then came the French Revolution, and reforms in Germany were everywhere checked. The customary greater freedom of movement was suppressed and an effort was made to fix existing conditions or if possible to force them to retrograde. People in Germany became nervous and apprehensive and were everywhere on the lookout for Jacobinism and for offences against throne and altar.

VII.

His attitude toward the French Revolution is the one fact in the life of Goethe which the present biographer is not disposed to condone or extenuate. He recall that Goethe in later years strove to excuse his antagonism toward the great popular uprising in France by saying that at the time its beneficent results were not yet to be foreseen. Our author's comment on this apology is: "They were not foreseen, it is true; but they were to be hoped for, and a man of Goethe's keen and profound penetration might have been expected to recognize beyond all the reactions, disappoint ments, confusions and horrors the great blessings which were latent in the Revolution and must therefore of necessity mani fest themselves in the course of time. are reminded that there were minds of much smaller calibre that recognized them For example, Reinhard, who in his youth was Schiller's friend and in his old age a friend of Goethe, had been an eyewitness of the many terrible things that had occurred in Paris up to November, 1791, and yet he declared the Revolution to be a gigantic stride in the progress of the human mind and asked whether, even if France should be sacrificed in the fight, "that was any reason for believing that the principles of equality could not be transplanted to more receptive regions. In the churches except those of the Koran, but all Europe has sworn allegiance to the Cross."

How did it happen that Goethe did not also allow himself to be filled with this faith and this hope? The present biographer would find the answer in the fact that in the political realm Goethe was a pronounced realist. "Here he allowed himself to be convinced only by what was immediately visible and demonstrable, just as he grasped only what could be translated immediately into reality, what he could cal culate from actual given facts. Likewise as a practical man, he had lost all confidence in the ability of the common people to help themselves and to make a sensible use of a larger measure of liberty. In any case ruling, according to an axiom in which should be left exclusively to experts. For, as he said, "ruling is an art, and like any other art has to be learned." Our author does not fail to note, however, that Goethe had forgotten that he himself had once taken up the task of ruling without any previous experience in the routine of gov ernment and yet had met with greater success than his senior colleagues. He also overlooked the fact that liberties which cannot be abused are of no value and that man in a state of freedom quickly matures to their right use. Moreover he had, as a practical man, too little appreciation of the noral significance of general constitutional principles and too little appreciation of the value of enthusiasm for political ideas. He did not in general take very kindly to the thought that ideas penetrate the masses and that history represents the development of ideas among the masses. His pelief was that all progress was dependent upon the pains and labors of eminent individual men, "Improvement, not overthrow, of existing things-reform, not revolution-was Goethe's further principle. and he failed to recognize the fact that at times buildings are so ready to tumble down or are so wrongly constructed that nothing short of rebuilding from the foundation can produce anything of use.'

Nor was this the poet's only oversight 'Did Goethe," asks the author, "Goethe who lived in such close communion with nature, not see that the approach of spring is marked by storms which break off limbs that are dead and decayed and many a green branch besides? Had he forgotten that he himself had once aroused a storm in order that spring might come in German intellectual life?" Yes, he had forgotten. He was no longer a young man. Spring had come and gone and now that summer was here it was natural for Goethe to de sire that the harvest should ripen in peace This desire, together with a lack of political idealism, caused him at a later important epoch again to retire to regions where he was sheltered from the storms of political agitation. One can understand how, with such a turn of mind, it was impossible for him to discover any good in the French Revolution, much less to ascribe to it any such significance in the world's history as for a moment he had a glimpee of on the evening of the bombardment of Valmy, when a sudden inspiration flashed through his mind, and then, like a flash, was gone

forever. On the contrary, in his bosom he

sentment against heaped resentment on re the terrible events and took the greatess satisfaction in unburdening himself of this vindictiveness in his poetry. Hence his poetry, which had at other times reflected the world so clearly and faithfully, became in this instance a distorting, concave mirror. "The great world event became a horrid, grotesque, inexplicable phenomenon, he had fully comprehended it in its deep significance he would have discovered in it a magnificent, serious movement that would have appealed to his sympathies, and he would have condemned the faults and mistaken tendencies of the work in which he sought to mirror the times.' This is pronounced the real secret reason why he made no attempt faithfully to portray political conditions, even in "The Natural Daughter," which was intended to be a comprehensive picture

VIII.

Let us pass to a chapter in which the interesting intimacy of Goethe and Schiller is recounted. At the first glance such an intimacy would have seemed improbable Toward the close of 1780, when Schiller stepped out of school into life, nothing would have seemed more unlikely than that the Württembergian regimental surgeon and the Weimar Minister, the author of "The Robbers" and the author of "Iphigenia" would ever become very dear friends. The very distance between their homes seemed to present a condition as unfavorable as anything could be for friendly intercourse. Even as late as 1787, when Schiller arrived at Weimar, it was still much too soon to hope for close relations with the elder poet. The most brilliant star of the Weimar firmament was not then visible. Goethe was sojourning in Italy. Schiller, however, recognized his greatness in a thousandfold reflections.

"Goethe's spirit has moulded all the people who belong to his circle." "He is everything that he is with his whole soul, and, like Julius Cæsar, he has the faculty of being several things at once." "As a man he is admired and loved even more than as an author." These are a few of the things that Schiller observed and heard about Goethe soon after his arrival in Weimar. He, too, had revered the author of "Götz" and "Werther," but now for the first time it fully dawned upon him that this same author was an eminent statesman, scientist and connoisseur of art, and, above all else, a very unusual man. The absent poet grew to gigantic proportions in his eyes; the gifted writer became an extraordinary personality, overtowering all about him with his universal genius. It was not until the summer of 1788, after Goethe's return to Italy, that Schiller spent almost whole day with him, and, although the elder poet did nothing but chat and tell stories about Italy, still he realized the "great idea" which Schiller had formed

This very corroboration of his concep tion of Goethe caused his hope of ever entering into closer relations with him to fall very low. On the other hand he felt greater stimulus to command at least a nigher degreeof respect from this great man. When late in the autumn of the same year a professorship of history at Jena was offered to Schiller he made this an occasion to pay his respects to Goethe, the real overeer of the university. During the long drawn out negotiations that followed Schiller may have cherished the hope that something would bring him into closer touch with Goethe, but he was doomed to bitter disappointment. Throughout the five months which Schiller spent in Weimar after the receipt of his appointment Goethe did not take the least notice of him. The younger poet was unable to throw off the magic spell which Goethe's personality cast over him, and yet he could not help feeling resentment that Goethe. like an Olympian god, overlooked him and took supreme satisfaction in self-enjoyment. "I could kill his spirit," he said, and again I could love him with all my "He arouses in me a feeling which heart." is not wholly unlike that which Brutus and Cassius must have had toward Cæsar. In February, 1790, Schiller was marrie to Charlotte von Lengefeld, a friend of Mme, von Stein, and this promised to be a bridge which would span the chasm between the two poets and bind them together in a firm union. Here again there was disappointment. To be sure, the next time Goethe came to Jena he could not avoid visiting Schiller, and he did visit him in October of the year named. but the occasion served only to make both men conscious that they were not suited to each other. Three more years went by, and they were still as much strangers as on the first day of their acquaintance.

The problem of uniting them seemed to defy solution In spite, however, of the profound intellectual and æsthetic contrasts between Goethe believed to the end of his life, the two men it became in the end no longer possible for Goethe to approach Schiller without being drawn to him irresistibly As the present biographer puts it, Schiller's purely human nature was sure to triumph over all difficulties that still existed, and never indeed could be removed. The opportune moment came in the summer of 1794, when Schiller returned to Jena from a nine months sojourn for recreation in Suabia. The two poets met at a session of the Jena Society for the Advancement of Science and accidentally came out together. They talked about the lecture they had just heard and drifted into a discussion of philosophy, which caused Goethe to conceive a most favorable opinion of Schiller both as a man and as a thinker. Schiller on his part was not willing to leave it to chance to decide when their friendly relations, for which the way was now prepared, should be still further strengthened. So he took a decisive step in order to melt away the last remnants of the ice which had been heaping up between them in past years. After strict, almost defiant reticence which he had maintained for more than a lustrum, he felt that such a step would not be liable to misinterpretation. In a letter pulsating with ardent feeling he confessed to Goethe the admiration with which he had watched for a long time the trend of the elder poet's mind, and with modest subordination of himself characterized the nature and workings of Goethe's genius with such sure and deep understanding that it moved Goethe to the depths of his soul. my birthday, which comes this week, I could have received no more agreeable present than your letter," answered Goethe. adding the significant words that he counted a new epoch from the days they had spent together in Jena Thus was sealed what is perhaps the most beautiful and the purest friendship that ever existed between two great men who were rivals.

IX.

The present biographer bears witness that Goethe received from the Suabian poet more than he could ever have expected. A new warm breath of spring passed over the field of the elder man's life. In Italy thousands of seeds had been planted in him. but at home winter had soon set in and had buried everything under a deep covering of snow. The sun of Schiller's joy in creation melted the snow away and brought on the springtide wherein, according to

Goethe's own confession, everything began to sprout merrily side by side, and the seeds nd branches to burst forth with new life." Schiller's was a most energetic, dynamic nature, which progressed rapidly. As he drove himself from one undertaking to another, so did he drive Goethe. By stimulating interest, by enticing, cheering and pointing out the way, he drew from his friend a surprising wealth of most beautiful and valuable work. We now behold a productivity such as had been observed only in the best years of Goethe's youth. Dramatic, epic, lyric, serious, humorous, satirical poems alternate with each other. The highest and the lowest subjects, the most vulgar and the most sublime, assume felicitous form under his magic touch. Every chord that he strikes responds with full, rich tone. Our author shows that Schiller's inspiring influence extended far beyond the realm of poetry. He was most helpful to Goethe's scientific study as well. Goethe said of him that not only did he grasp quickly the essential points of even so difficult a subject as the theory of colors, but when he himself, in his peculiar contemplative way, was about to halt, Schiller forced him by his reflective, speculative faculty to hasten forward, dragging him, as it were, to the goal.

intimacy with Schiller was "Wilhelm Meister." which from some points of view has been considered an autobiography. Goethe himself once called Wilhelm his beloved Was Wilhelm not rather, asks the double. present biographer, his opposite? "Where n Wilhelm do we find Goethe's pleasure in action, his perseverance, energy, sense of duty, his enlightenment and knowledge of the world? Are not the uncle, in whom Schiller recognized Goethe, and Lothario, in whose mouth the author placed his own strict maxim concerning the conscientious fulfilment of the task which falls to one by choice or fate, the images of himself?" It is, at the same time, conceded that Wilhelm also is Goethe's image. "The weak, yielding, contemplative, passive, somnambulistic, fantastic tendencies, which are observable in Wilhelm, Goethe also possessed. and these seemed to him absolutely necessary ingredients of his hero."

One of the earliest products of Goethe's

One feels in reading "Wilhelm Meister" that the writer's attention is concentrated wholly on the characters. And what a variety of human beings he has created From the purely matter of fact and calculating Werner and Melina to the selfabsorbed dreamers, Wilhelm and the Harpist: from the sly, complacent, sinful Philine and the clear headed, resolute, horoughly sane Therese to the saintly Beautiful Soul, and the ethereal Mignon hardly a shade of character is lacking of the great diversity in the world." opinion is expressed in the book before us that one who had lived from childhood on a lonely island in the Pacific Ocean and had read nothing but "Wilhelm Meister" would yet have a sufficient knowledge of mankind. Attention is directed to the fact that the persons of the novel are especially true to nature in that none of them is absolutely bad, while none of them. with the exception of Natalie, is absolutely good. The writer of this biography has arrived at the conviction that from no other work can one learn so well what a profound observer of men and women Goethe was, and with what extreme nicety he was able to make every trivial act and every careless word reveal vital elements of character.

How many such clever strokes, for instance, he applied to Philine to make her real! Almost the greatest triumphs of the author of "Wilheim Meister" are won in his portrayal of ordinary average people, whom writers as a usual thing prefer to leave to one side because they so poorly repay the pains spent upon them. The biographer cites an example of such an average man in Melina. "Polite, obliging, engaging, when any one does him a favor or is in a position to help him: good naturedly indifferent when he has nothing to gain; malicious, hateful, deceitful when anybody does anything prejudicial to his interests, or even but stands in his way."

The figures in "Wilhelm

genuine German types of the close of the eighteenth century. Especially is the hero a faithful reflection of the humane bellelettrist of that time, warm hearted toward everything good and beautiful; striving after the noblest humanity, but following no definite purpose with seriousness and energy, above all no practical pursuit. In its form also the novel bears the stamp of the times. All of Goethe's other literary creations have as a rule, a form which towers far above their time, so that even to-day-and apparently for all time to come-this form, together with their substance, which is independent of time, produces an impression of immortal freshness. Here Goethe clung to the pedantic fiction-introduced by Rousseau, that the author is merely publishing discovered manuscripts, memoirs and letters. He had done, to be sure the same thing in "Werther," but there he only rarely allowed the supposed editor to say a word. In "Wilhelm," on the other hand, he is constantly interrupting the narration without producing any serious improvement. Only too often the insertions are superfluous and affect the reader as burdensome and annoying. The interruptions are least objectionable when the author appears merely as a critic to approve or disapprove of something or as a chorus to accompany an event with the expression of his personal emotion. Even though, however, the form, the technique, of the novel be archaic and long since relegated to the past, its substance will endure forever. An account of "Hermann und Dorothes.

of "Elective Affinities." of "Faust." of 'Pandora" and of all the achievements and experiences of Goethe's later life must be reserved for a notice of the third volume of this latest and best biography of the poet, which we hope will soon be forth-M. W. H. coming.

Freaks of an Oklahoma Storm.

From the Grand Progress. Here are some of the freak incidents of the tornado in Day county, near Grand.

A large number of chickens were killed, a nd most of them had all feathers pulled off, excepting the wing feathers. At Henry McQuigg's it took a wheat binder and carried it over two fences and put it down wrong side up. The fences were not injured, but the binder was badly damaged. At Mr. Wells's it pulled up the posts in a two wire fence and carried some of the posts a long distance, but left some of them in the ground where the fehce stood. The two wires were carried into a field a long distance away and stretched a field a long distance away and stretched straight on the ground close together.

One of the most peculiar events was with reference to Mrs. Wells's window curbarhs. When the storm struck the house she had a lace curtain over a window. Immediately after the storm she found this lace curtain del in a bow knot round a fence post. This seem incomprehensible and we will not attempt to explain it. Here are some of the freak incidents of the

Knew His Business.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer "Seems to me a man of your standing in "Seems to me a man of your standing in the community ought to drive a better looking horse," the summer boarder said.

"I wouldn't trade him for the fastest roadster in the hull county," said Farmer Huckleberry, "That hoss knows just what to do when he meets an ottymoble. He casvife around an' topples over an' breaks used follar's with o' buggy shaft an' mebbe so cents with o' harness, an' I'll bet I've collected much as 'leven hundred dollars from the oftymoble owners. The old hoss is all right,"